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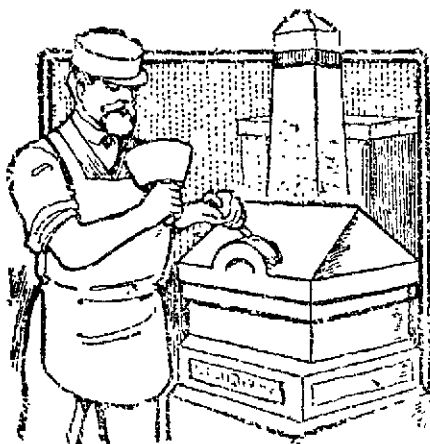
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COAL VERY CHEAP

Latest Price Quoted Is \$1.95
A Ton.

**Dominion Coal Company Selling
It At That Price.**

**Fortunate Customer Is New England
Gas And Coke Company.**

Boston, Nov. 28.—The contract difficulties between the Dominion Coal company and the New England Gas and Coke company, resulting in the recent refusal of the coal company to continue to furnish the gas company with coal under a twenty-five years contract made in 1897 have been amicably settled by an agreement upon terms for a new contract to run five years. The coal company is to receive \$1.95 a ton for coal and the gas company is not to bring action for damages because of the termination of the former contract.

On November 21, the Dominion Coal company carried out a plan previously announced and stopped the shipment of coal to the New England Gas and Coke company claiming that the appointment of a receiver for the gas company last summer terminated the twenty-five years contract under which the coal company was to supply its product to the gas company in such quantities as the latter might need and at a given price.

The gas company holding that the contract still was in force prepared at once to take necessary legal steps in connection with the situation. Early this week officials of the coal company arrived here and a number of conferences followed between representatives of both companies with the result that today the agreement was announced.

The old twenty-five years contract has been canceled and the new five years contract calls for the delivery of all the coal required by the gas company at \$1.95 per ton. This price is an advance of five cents a ton over that named in the old contract.

The agreement that no damage suits should be brought by the gas company was reached by counsel representing both sides.

KITTERY.

Kittery, Me., Nov. 29.
Miss Izetta Locke of Manchester is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Bartlett.

Ralph W. Bunker is paying a brief visit to his parents here.

Hiram Thompson made a trip to Saco and Sanford on Friday.

Carroll Bartlett of Chicago is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Redford Sargent and family of Philadelphia are visiting relatives in Kittery.

Three Kittery young men, Ralph W. Bunker, Frank Morse and C. F. Carman, played with the All-Portsmouth football team at Newburyport on Thanksgiving day. They are said to have given a good account of themselves.

SOUTH ELIOT.

South Eliot, Me., Nov. 29.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wetherbee spent Thursday with her parents, J. W. Davis and wife.

Albert H. Nelson was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Joseph Manning, of Newmarket on Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Charles Cole and mother, Mrs. Sarah R. Staples, were in Dover Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Redford Sargent of Philadelphia are the guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Wilmet E. Spinney.

The "Beggars" owned the town Wednesday evening. It is an ancient custom of this town for the young

people and children to array themselves as fantastically as possible and with masked faces to go from house to house asking a gift for Thanksgiving. In some cases the beggars are met with smiles and gifts of food, in others with frowns or no response to their repeated knocks. Sometimes the gift is a surprise to the recipient, as was the case with the one who took a big bite from a most inviting looking tart and found it filled with cotton wool.

Mrs. Herbert Nelson and children were the guests of relatives in town Thursday.

Mrs. Frank Wentworth of Greenland spent Friday with relatives here. Rev. G. W. Brown and wife left Tuesday for East Boston, to spend Thanksgiving with his sister, Mrs. Susan Thornton.

The sale conducted by the ladies of the Methodist society is to take place Dec. 10th.

Sydney Remick of the Boston and Maine railroad is enjoying a week's vacation with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Holitt D. Canney of Malden, Mass., entertained his parents, Mr. and Mrs. True Canney, and his sisters, Miss Anna Canney and Mrs. Herbert Edson and husband Thanksgiving day. Mr. and Mrs. Canney are to return Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Abbott Norton, pastor of the Methodist church at York, will preach at the Methodist church in this town next Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pickering of Lawrence, Mass., spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Remick.

Oscar Remick of Boston was the guest of his parents on Thanksgiving day.

Dr. Ephraim Cole and wife of Kittery were the guests of relatives in town on Tuesday.

In the death of Mr. William Hill, which occurred Thursday morning, Eliot lost one of her best known and most respected citizens. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hill and lived in the old homestead bequeathed to him by his father. His first wife was Miss Lighton of this town, by whom he had three children, John, the present governor of Maine, Ella and Elizabeth, all of whom are married and reside out of town. His second wife was the widow of N. O. Brooks, also of this town, and she died several years ago. Her daughter, Miss Lizzie Brooks, has cared for Mr. Hill ever since the death of her mother with a devotion no daughter could surpass. Mr. Hill was a model husband and father, a shrewd business man, a wise counsellor and a good neighbor and friend. He was, so long as his health permitted, a regular attendant of and generous contributor to the Congregational church. His death has made a vacancy in our town which will not be easily filled.

The Italians working on the electric road from Dover to York Beach went on a strike Friday for a nine-hour day. Probably it will be settled soon.

E. C. Frye and wife, accompanied by their daughters, Berenice and Beatrix, spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. M. Frye and wife.

Mrs. Hobbs of Augusta and her sister, Mrs. Hobbs, of South Berwick, are in town, called here by the death of their father, Mr. William Hill.

AN ENJOYABLE EVENING.

**Kittery Social Organization Gives An
Entertainment And Supper.**

The organization known as the Sultide club of Kittery gave an entertainment and supper on Thursday evening and those present passed several hours most enjoyably. The motto adopted for the evening was "live and make merry for Reddy is here" and "Reddy's" presence seemed to infuse everyone with a spirit of good fellowship.

Fifteen minutes of harmony and fun were provided by the Trisco Comedy four and Mr. Thorne gave some selections which he called classical.

A special welcome was extended to Mr. Tyrer, who was in a sense the guest of the evening and who was awarded the cake and leather medal offered as prizes to the chief fun maker.

Among those present were the following: Miss Cassidy, Miss Burke, Miss Welsh, Miss M. McCarthy, Miss Cooney, Miss G. Perry, Miss N. Perry, Miss N. McCarthy, Miss Sullivan, Miss Gertrude Perry, Miss Katie Ray, Wallace Sansbury, James Stewart, David Morrison, George Gorman, John Donnelly, Gilbert Thorne, Schanney Patrick, John Connelly, Jack Westman, Joseph Hickey.

RANDOM GOSSIP.

If New England is not allowed to export cattle, it ought to result in a drop in the price of beef.

"Coal is getting very scarce in this city," said a well known dealer on Friday. "In fact," he continued, "I regard the situation as more critical than ever."

New Hampshire cattle don't seem to be affected by the disease which Secretary Wilson has discovered in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Here's hoping they will keep the "foot and mouth" disease out of our state. The farmers will need to be watchful of their herds, though.

The modern dude youth is rigged out in this way: he has a broad-brimmed hat of a sort of Maltese cat color, with the crown stove in, and flat on top. He never allows a cold autumn day to induce him to wear an overcoat, and his lightweight gray tweeds seem too meagre for his protection; but he must always have on tan-colored gloves, and they must be slouchy around the wrists. And when you see him you feel as though you wanted to kick him.

To be very poor, unrecognized, homeless; then to write an opera and win world-wide fame—this is the tune we like in our musical heroes. Pietro Mascagni, therefore, only thirty-one witty, clever, with a fondness for English dress and customs, is an agreeable figure to contemplate. In dire poverty, roaming about the little towns of Italy, his greatest possession the ability to play six instruments well—that was Mascagni at twenty-six.

While musical director in the little town of Cerignole, with a salary of twenty dollars a month, he happened to read in a newspaper that a great musical publisher was offering the sum of \$600 as a prize for the best original operetta. There were but six weeks to compose it in. Mascagni fell to work. But he had no libretto. The young man appealed to two of his friends and they seized upon a novel—Verga's story, *Cavalleria Rusticana*—and from it brought forth a libretto. Then came days of anxious weary waiting. But at last (in March of 1890) Mascagni won the first prize. It was not until May of the same year that his opera, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, was produced at Rome amid storms of applause and a triumph of praise. The young musical director of Cerignole had won fame and fortune at a stroke.

The farmers say this season has been an excellent one for the cabbage crop. Tomatoes were largely ruined by the rain, cold and early frosts. Squash and pumpkins grew well. There always seems to be something the matter with the potato market. Ordinarily there is a dearth of the tubers; then when the hills fill out in abundance, as has been the case this year, after being harvested they begin to rot. It is not passing strange that potato raisers despond.

Elena Bianchini Cappelli, who comes here with Mascagni, is one of the foremost dramatic sopranos in Italy. Though still a young and handsome woman, she has been on the stage a long time, having made her debut at the age of thirteen. She gave such promise that she was sent to Naples to study with the famous Vergini. Her first role of any moment was in *La Forza del Destino*. She has been prominent at the San Carlo, Naples, La Scala, Milan, the Del Verne, Milan, and scored great successes in Cairo, Egypt, and the South American capitals.

It is about this time of year that the apple men come around with their fruit and call on customers with samples. It is only natural that the finest specimens of the apple kind should be put forward by these vendors, and a little story about an exquisite orange Baldwin which was used as decoy bait in a certain boarding house is pretty good. It seems that the apple man went to the house and brought from the depths of his pocket a glossy, rich apple, setting it down on the table to wait for the lady of the house. In the meantime he went into the kitchen to warm his hands and to muss over probable sales where the tea kettle was singing. He didn't reckon on there being any hired girls about, and dozed off. At length the boarding mistress came and he came out of his stupor and fumbled for the apple. He

looked through his commodious pockets and finally said that he thought he must have left it out doors. He started for his team and got as far as the hallway when he ran into the girl of the house, devouring the apple.

When Reuben Comes to Town, which recently gave an indifferent sort of an entertainment at the Manchester opera house, is getting hard knocks all along the circuit.—Manchester Mirror. Yes, but it's playing to standing room everywhere. Which shows what a drawing power there is in a name.

There is a good deal of discussion going on around town about the pronunciation of "Mascagni." There is, of course, only one proper way to say it. The "g" is not sounded at all. It is "Mars-karn-ye," with the accent on the second syllable.

The Mascagni performance will probably bring to Music hall by far the most cultured—in other words, the swellest—audience that ever assembled there. People are ordering seats who have never before, or not more than once or twice, stepped inside the local playhouse. It will be well worth while standing back by the rail downstairs and studying the throng as they come in and take their chairs. Portsmouth's best society will be there en masse.

I understand that one of the Maplewood football players is so sure of his team's superiority over the Exeter eleven which was victorious here Thanksgiving day that he wants to stake one hundred dollars on the result of another game between the two teams.

"Gus" Dondoro, who has but recently returned from a European sojourn, is telling his friends that the United States is plenty good enough for him. "It's all right to go over there if you know you can come back," he says.

Clyde Fitch's *The Bird in the Cage*, one of the strongest of this season's dramatic experiments, is booked for an evening at Music hall. The date? O, you'll know in time to get a good seat.

A delegate to the constitutional convention, with whom I was talking on Friday, seems to think that body has a hard job to tackle. "I look for many clinches—verbal, of course I mean—before we succeed in reaching a satisfactory conclusion," he said. "I wouldn't be surprised if we stayed in Concord long enough to spend about all of our appropriation."

Boston Beacon: The eminent Italian composer, Signor Mascagni, has had some very unpleasant experiences in this country, but it looks now as if his troubles were over, for he has made a contract with Richard Heald of Chickering Hall which makes Mr. Heald manager for the entire company for the coming season. Mr. Heald will reorganize the company, put it in effective condition and make a tour of the country, beginning Dec. 1 and lasting into February. Everywhere that Signor Mascagni has appeared under favorable conditions his concerts have been a great success, and the forthcoming tour under Mr. Heald's management cannot fail to draw big audiences.

The famous schooner *Polly*, the oldest American schooner afloat, and a privateer during the war of 1812, is reported ashore at Owl's Head, Me. The *Polly* was at this port a few months ago and the Herald had an interview with her captain.

We're still counting the days and the dollars till Christmas, and we're fully resigned to be as cheerful as we can, under the circumstances.—Atlantic Constitution.

The Newburyport Herald speaks flatteringly of the way the All-Portsmouth football team carried themselves Thanksgiving day. "A better disposed or more gentlemanly appearing crowd of football players have never played here. There were several differences of opinion on various matters, but they were settled without bad feeling."

They're feeling somewhat sore up in Exeter over one point in connection with the Thanksgiving day football in this city. The Exeter team played

the game with but ten men which fact was omitted—not intentionally, of course,—from the published reports of the contest. A despatch from Exeter to the Boston Globe reflects the feeling up there and in a spirit of justice to the Exeter players, I give it here:

Portsmouth papers and correspondents have not accurately and fairly reported yesterday's football game between Exeter and the Maplewood A. C., won by Exeter, 5 to 0.

In all published lineups appears Jenkins, fullback. As a matter of fact, Jenkins did not play, and Exeter had no fullback. Hooper expected to play at center, instead paid a holiday visit to relatives in Boston, and Hart, Exeter's regular fullback, was thus obliged to go in at center, leaving his position vacant. Exeter played the entire game with only ten men against eleven. That under such conditions she should have "a marked advantage in weight" would be surprising. Smith, her left tackle, outweighed his opponent. In all other cases the advantage of weight was strongly with Portsmouth, in one instance by forty pounds.

WILLIAM HILL.

Sketch Of One Of Eliot's Most Respected Sons.

In the death of William Hill, the father of Gov. John F. Hill of Maine, who died on Thursday, the town of Eliot suffers a distinct loss. He was highly regarded by all who knew him and had the confidence of the townspeople in all his public and private affairs. He was one who will be long remembered for his integrity.

He was a descendant in the sixth generation of John Hill, of Dover, who born in 1624, came to New England in early manhood, and whose son, Joseph Q. Hill, settled in Eliot about 1686; and from that date the name of Hill has been blended with every leaf of local history. The subject of this sketch was twice married, first to Miriam, daughter of State Senator Andrew P. Leighton. She was the mother of his honored son, Gov. John F. Hill. His second wife was Mrs. Brooks, whose memory is yet fresh, because of her many good deeds in the interests of Eliot church.

A man of Mr. Hill's integrity, though quiet and unobtrusive, wielded a public influence for good; and his fellow citizens are wiser, better and broader in their thought and perceptions for having known him.

Besides his son, Gov. John F. Hill, he leaves two daughters, Mrs. Homer Hobbs of Berwick and Mrs. W. L. Hobbs of Augusta, and a step daughter, Miss Lizzie Brooks, whose gentle and kindly attentions were constantly bestowed during his old age and in his final sickness.

GIRLS, PLEASE DON'T—

Imagine all your friends should break into tears because you have a heart-ache.

Speak sneeringly of the girl who goes to work every day.

Tell the boys your mind is made up to marry only a man of means.

Show a disposition toward jealousy when your chum gets a new gown.

Believe all the boys tell you about their influence in the business world.

Indulge in phrases susceptible of a questionable interpretation.

Flounce about in anger when ma asks your assistance in household duties.

Fall into the habit of keeping the family waiting while you dress for dinner.

Expect a gentleman caller to make allowance for your ill-temper.

Tell the boys how much you feel their failure to take you to places of amusement.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A TROLLEY RIDE

Over the new line FROM

**PORTSMOUTH TO
EXETER**

Would not be complete without

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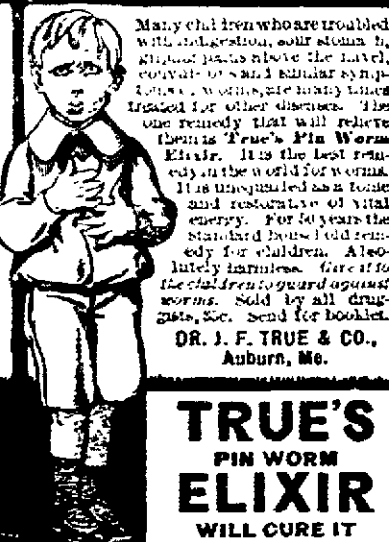
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N. S. Willey, Proprietor

EXETER, - N. H.

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DR. J. F. TRUE & CO.,
 Auburn, Me.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR
 WILL CURE IT



LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

HAUGH,
 LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR
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 60 Market Street.
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Telephone 59-2.

THE ONLY
Dyspepsia
CURE

"A Cure for All."
 Not a patent cure-all, nor a modern miracle, but simply a rational cure for dyspepsia.

Every druggist in the United States will refund your 25 cents if you are not satisfied.

The E. C. Andrews Co.,
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"The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is **Ripans Tablets**. They have a long history of successful use, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ailments that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up. The Five Cent packet is enough for an ordinary case. The family bottle of 25 cents contains a supply for years. All druggists sell them."

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EXPERT HORSESHOER.
 STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY.

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 Original and Only Genuine
 CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
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 Sold by all Druggists.
 Beware of cheap imitations.
 CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PILLS FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, STOMACH, BOWELS, AND URINARY ORGANS. Sold by all Druggists. Beware of cheap imitations.

HAPPENINGS IN EXETER.

Death Of A Prominent Citizen Of Kensington.

Two Well-Known Men Have Double Birthday Celebration.

Budget of Other Timely Topics From Our Special Correspondent.

Exeter, Nov. 28.

After a lingering illness for several weeks, during which he was several times very near death's door, Harrison Rowe finally passed away at his home in Kensington at eight o'clock this morning. There were but few better known and better liked men in this section of Rockingham county than Mr. Rowe. He was born in Kensington sixty-two years ago. He was a farmer's son and was a farmer all his life deciding upon that vocation at an early age.

Mr. Rowe was educated in the district schools of the town. He early displayed a liking for public affairs and though a staunch democrat in a strong republican town, any position in the gift of the people was his for the asking. He has represented Kensington brilliantly in the general court and has been a successful treasurer of the town, besides holding many minor offices. He was a prominent member of the Grange. At the time of his death he was a director of the Rockingham Farmers' Fire Insurance company. He is said to have been the richest man of the town. He owned a beautiful residence and was the owner of much land in Hampton Falls. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him. A widow, a sister, Miss Martha Rowe and two step-sons survive.

The funeral services of Mrs. John J. Bell were held at her late home on Chestnut hill this forenoon at 11.30 o'clock. They were largely attended. The officiating clergymen were Rev. Dr. George E. Street and Rev. A. P. Bourne, former pastors of the Phillips church, of which Mrs. Bell was a faithful member. Mr. Bourne made the opening prayer, and read a favorite poem of Mrs. Bell's. Dr. Street made a few remarks and closed with the benediction. There was no music. The floral offerings were profuse and magnificent. There were many set pieces.

The burial took place this afternoon in the Exeter cemetery under the direction of O. A. Fleming. The bearers were Gen. William P. Chadwick, Judge Henry A. Shute, Principal H. P. Amen of Phillips-Exeter academy and George E. Kent.

The birthdays of two of the oldest men in town, John G. Gilman and Nathaniel Gordon, occurred on Wednesday. They were both eighty-two on that day. They were both born in Exeter, and are two of the town's oldest inhabitants. They are numbered among the best known citizens of Exeter. Mr. Gilman is the recognized head of the Gilman family in America. He was the second of seven children of Capt. Nathaniel Gilman, a nephew of John Taylor Gilman, for sixteen years governor of New Hampshire. He was graduated from Phillips-Exeter in 1852 and until 1878 resided in Philadelphia as manager of family estates there. At his homestead here he can walk two miles in a straight line and then, turning at a right angle, can walk an equal distance without leaving his own domain. He has represented Exeter in the legislature and at present is the president of the New Hampshire society of the Cincinnati. He never married.

Mr. Gordon is a graduate of Exeter and Dartmouth and has been a successful lawyer. He represented Exeter in the general court in 1843 and 1850 and was a state senator in 1869-70. In the latter year he was president of the senate. He was a republican candidate for congress in 1870, leading the field on the first two ballots. His benefactions to Exeter and Dartmouth have been generous and he has also been greatly interested in foreign missions. He was the financial mainstay of the Theological seminary at Tungkow, China, destroyed by the Boxers in their late uprisings. Mr. Gordon married and has two sons and two daughters.

It is customary each year for these two gentlemen to dine together on their common birthday and this year Mr. Gordon was the host.

The members of the football team that went to Portsmouth yesterday and defeated the Mapleswoods of that city returned last evening in a happy mood. The team did very well. The

CHANGE OF CLIMATE.
 Not Necessary in Order to Cure Catarrh.

The popular idea that the only cure for chronic catarrh is a change of climate, is a mistake because catarrh is found in all climates in all sections of the country; and even if a change of climate should benefit for a time the catarrh will certainly return.

Catarrh may be readily cured in any climate, but the only way to do it is to destroy or remove from the system the catarrhal germs which cause all the mischief.

The treatment by inhalers, sprays, powders and washes has been proven almost useless in making a permanent cure, as they do not reach the seat of disease, which is in the blood and can be reached only by an internal remedy which acts through the stomach upon the blood and system generally.

A new discovery which is meeting with remarkable success in curing catarrh of the head, throat and bronchial tubes and also catarrh of the stomach, is sold by druggists under name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets, which are pleasant and harmless, owe their efficiency to the active medicinal principles of Blood Root, Red Gum and a new specific called Guaiacol, which together with valuable antiseptics are combined in convenient, palatable tablet form, and as valuable for children as for adults.

Mr. A. R. Fernbank of Columbus, Ohio, says: I suffered so many winters from Catarrh that I took it as a matter of course, and that nothing would cure it except a change of climate, which my business affairs would not permit me to take.

My nostrils were almost always clogged up; I had to breathe through the mouth, causing an inflamed, irritated throat. The thought of eating breakfast often nauseated me and the catarrh gradually getting into my stomach took away my appetite and digestion.

My druggist advised me to try a fifty-cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, because he said he had so many customers who had been cured of Catarrh by the use of these tablets, that he felt he could honestly recommend them. I took his advice and used several boxes with results that surprised and delighted me.

I always keep a box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in the house and the whole family use them freely on the first appearance of a cough or cold in the head.

With our children we think there is nothing so safe and reliable as Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to ward off croup and colds and with older people I have known of cases where the hearing had been seriously impaired by chronic catarrh cured entirely by this new remedy.

members had not even gone through the signals together.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Automatic Heel Trimming and Burnishing Machine company, incorporated under the laws of Maine, at Kittery, yesterday these directors were elected: Daniel Gilman, John M. Wadleigh, Herbert F. Dunn, all of Exeter, M. L. Whitcomb of Haverhill, Mass., and B. H. Moody of Derry. John H. Fellows of Exeter was elected treasurer, Horace Mitchell of Kittery clerk and George W. Giffin of Exeter assistant clerk. A meeting of the directors was to have been held at the office of Daniel Gilman this afternoon, but it was postponed.

Henry Gemmels of Hampton has demised and leased a valuable tract of wood land, partly in Brentwood and partly in Epping, to the Manchester Real Estate and Manufacturing company. The company is to have and to hold the land for a term of three years. The wood and timber is to be removed and at the end of the term the company is to surrender the land to the grantee.

Four cars of Welsh coal arrived today for H. W. Anderson.

In a competition duck pin contest on the Exeter alleys last evening, Ross Shannon won a pair of shoes on a three string total of 258, defeating John Robinson by one pin.

The Phillips-Exeter Thanksgiving recess came to an end this afternoon at three o'clock.

Mrs. Andrew J. Brown is visiting Miss Mary F. Hallier, a popular young school teacher of Exeter, at her home in Westboro, Mass.

Ye Down East Folks promises to attract a large crowd to the opera house tomorrow evening.

Special cars will be run from Exeter to Portsmouth on Wednesday evening next, in order that the music loving people of this town may be given an opportunity to hear the concert by Mascagni's great Italian opera company and his fifty-four piece orchestra. Many will avail themselves of the privilege.

There will be a new moon today.

FLYER WRECKED
Fast Passenger Train Rolls Down Embankment.

Cars Strike A Broken Rail And Leave The Track.

No Fatalities, But Three People Are Seriously Injured.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 28.—The St. Louis flyer on the Big Four was wrecked early today on a high embankment one-half mile west of Avon, Hendricks county. Three passengers were seriously injured and a dozen or more were slightly hurt, but none fatally.

A partial list of the injured follows:

Mrs. Anna Englehart, Middleport, Ohio, seriously cut about the head.

Mrs. Stephen Englehart, Middleport, Ohio, seriously cut and bruised.

Ira L. Klein, Cleveland, face badly bruised.

Otto Gresham, Chicago, son of the late secretary of state, Walter Q. Gresham, shoulders sprained.

C. W. Wood, California, head injured.

George Brand, Norfolk, Va.

J. C. Harris, porter, bruised.

George C. Doan, St. Louis, conductor Pullman car, hips and back badly injured.

Samuel Ellis, Jersey City, porter.

The others were only slightly injured.

The train was running at high speed and struck a broken rail. The engine and two mail cars passed over it safely, but the other cars left the track. The New York sleeper on the rear rolled over twice and down the embankment of twenty-five feet landing at the bottom wrong side up. It contained three passengers, the porter and the conductor.

The next sleeper was from Cleveland. In it were eleven passengers. This car turned over but remained at the top of the embankment. The imprisoned passengers got out by breaking one of the windows and all escaped with slight injuries.

The next sleeper broke down at the forward end and stood across the track. No one in this car was hurt. The two forward cars next to the mail cars left the track, but did not turn over.

A telephone on an adjoining farm was used to call help. Surgeons were sent at once. By five o'clock the train had been searched and all the passengers had been accounted for. They were put into the mail cars and taken to Danville. Arrangements were at once made to take them on west as nearly all were able to travel.

The train was delayed until six o'clock a. m., when a new train was made up and the run to St. Louis was resumed. While running at a high rate of speed thirty-seven miles beyond the scene of the first wreck, the train ran into an open switch at Carbon. The engineer saw the danger but was running too fast to stop. The front trucks of the engine left the tracks and another delay was caused. Nobody was hurt in the second wreck and little damage was done.

All the persons injured near Danville will recover.

THE PRINCE SAILS.

San Francisco, Nov. 28.—The crown prince of Siam, after a stay of six

To Assimilate Food
 see that your stomach and liver are in proper condition. To do it easily and pleasantly take

Beecham's Pills
 Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

days in this city left last night on a special train for Portland, Seattle and Vancouver. Tomorrow will be passed at Portland and Vancouver will be reached Sunday. The prince sails for home from Vancouver next Tuesday morning.

NOT YET READY.

Operators Have Not Submitted Tabulated Wage Statements.

Seranton, Pa., Nov. 28.—Attorney Darrow, counsel for the United Mine Workers, announced today that the coal road operators had promised to give the tabulated statistics in regard to miners' wages, etc., to the counsel for the miners some time today or tomorrow. The big coal mining companies have had expert accountants at work preparing those figures for several weeks past. It was because this part of the evidence was not ready for presentation that the adjournment of the coal strike commission became necessary. Counsel for the miners will have until next Wednesday in which to inspect this important part of their opponents' evidence.

When the commission meets district president T. D. Nicholls will be placed on the stand by the miners. President Mitchell was in conference with Mr. Nicholls most of today.

AT IT AGAIN.

Haytians Are Once More Spoiling For A Revolution.

Port-au-Prince, Hayti, Nov. 28.—Gen. Alexis Nord, who was war minister of the provisional government and who is at St. Marc with from \$600 to 10,000 men from Gonaives, has sent an ultimatum to the government here demanding the invalidation of the election of the deputies who are members of the party headed by M. Firman, the self-exiled leader of the recent rebellion. If the chamber refuses to cancel the election the outbreak of another civil war is probable. The general opinion is that the chamber will reject the general's demand. Preparations are being made to defend Port au Prince against an attack by Gen. Nord.

FATAL GAS LEAK.
Two Stable Employees In Lowell Victims Of Asphyxiation.

Lowell, Mass., Nov. 28.—William A. Hodge, an employee of a stable on Gorham street, this city, was asphyxiated this morning. With a friend James Conroy, he went to sleep in the office of the stable at three o'clock this morning and a few hours later when the stable keeper entered the office he found both men unconscious. Conroy regained consciousness in half an hour and will recover, but Hodge was dead when the doctors arrived to work over him. The men were overcome by illuminating gas which escaped from a leaking tube used as a feed pipe for a gas radiator.

BURNED TO THE GROUND.

Famous White Mountain Hotel Totally Destroyed.

Jackson, N. H., Nov. 28.—Gray's Inn, one of the best known hotels in the White Mountains, was totally burned tonight, together with Woodbury hall and all the outbuildings, including two cottages and the casino. The total loss is \$175,000; the insurance is about \$60,000.

The property was owned by Charles W. Gray, who was living at the hotel with his family during the winter.

The fire was due to a defective electric light wire and with no adequate fire apparatus nothing could be done to check it. The hotel was a very popular summer resort and had accommodations for 250 guests.

INSPECTOR HENDRIX KILLED.

Is Surprised And Surrounded By Ladrones In Samar.

Manila, Nov. 28.—Constabulary Inspector Hendrix, who has been stationed in Samar Island, was killed last Tuesday by ladrones.

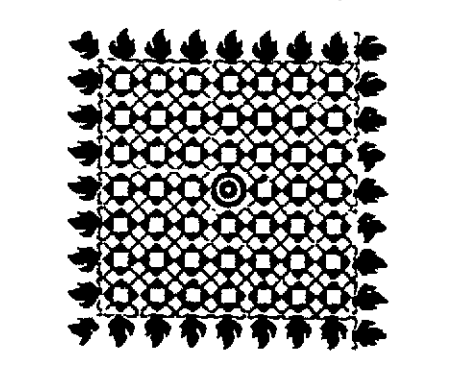
The reports indicate that Hendrix was attacked by a superior force. His detachment of constabulary was routed and Hendrix with one soldier was surrounded and killed.

CROKER DISMISSED.

New York's Fire Chief Found Guilty Of Charges.

New York, Nov. 28.—Chief Edward F. Croker of the fire department, who was recently tried on a series of charges, was today declared guilty by Fire Commissioner Sturgis and was dismissed from the service, the dismissal to take effect Dec. 1.

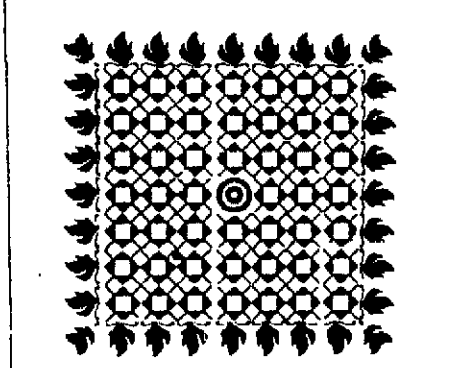
Chief Croker will appeal from the decision.



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Reasonable Prices.



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Everything to be found in a First-Class Kitchen Furnishing Store, such as Tinware (both grades), Enamelled Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

Please consider that in this line

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now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

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Manchester, N. H.

STANDARD BRAND.
Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other

Public Works.

And has received the commendation of Engineers, Architects and Consumers generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.

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 Telephone at office and residence.

EYES TO the... BLIND

By HOWARD FIELDING

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THE Lady Helena took the little Bible out of the box and surveyed it with a gaze that saw far more than the quaint old volume.

"It is atrocious," she whispered. "that I should not have known it was here."

Upon that book she had made two vows, the first quite ordinary, the second most unusual, even unique. Before God and her earthly sovereign, the king, she had made both the vows, the first in the presence of many, when an archbishop held that copy of the word and Helena became Sir Frederick Keable's wife; the second with but two to hear and but one to see the solemn promise sealed upon the book. Three years lay between the vows—three years of happiness and one of great sorrow.

"If I did not trust you fully," the king had said to her upon the occasion of the second promise, "Sir Frederick's misfortune would mark the end of his most highly valued service unless, indeed, his sight should be restored, as I devoutly hope. It is without precedent that a man lacking eyes of his own should be a cabinet minister. But you shall be his eyes. Swear to me upon this book, which you especially revere and in the presence of that King before whom I am no more than the dust to which my body shall return, that you will faithfully sustain this duty, divulging nothing of all that you shall see, adding nothing thereto, omitting not one word therefrom, as your husband shall command you to read."

And Helena had knelt to heaven and the king and had kissed the book with all sincerity, her husband kissing her most affectionately as she arose.

It was not an occasion likely to slip from her mind, this secret, solemn ceremonial. Helena marvelled that she could have forgotten where the old Bible had been put away, yet she had come upon it quite by chance.

"I wish it were more to me," she thought. "I have no effective religion. Let me be frank with myself. An oath means nothing to me. What will the world do when all shall be as I am? Truly I believe that there is a need of something sacred."

The sound of chords came softly into the room. Eunice, Sir Frederick's sister, was playing upon a little pipe organ, a church organ in miniature and of a very sweet tone, that had been built into her apartment.

"She believes everything without possibility of question," said Helena. "Had she been sworn as I was her wish to do right would have been backed by all the terrors of the infinite. Would the public business be safer if she were Frederick's eyes? Upon my soul, I think it would be. Yet she is not so honest as I am. I would not trust her unsworn. Frederick has too much sense of honor. It exhausted the supply of the family. However, that is not the point. If I were the king, I should have a refuge and a fortress. I should not now be verging toward deadly peril."

She took up the Bible again, held it in her two hands and contemplated it reverently until she felt some fog of the reality. The fancy came to her that the book should be in the official workshop, and thus she was reminded that her husband must already be awaiting her there, having dismissed his doctors.

In the east corridor below she encountered Eunice, who greeted her

present title passed through Helena's mind.

"I will take charge of this," said she, glancing at the envelope upon which might be seen a faint mark at the close of the address.

The heavy door that had stood ajar between the ante-room and the study opened slowly, and Sir Frederick appeared. He had not acquired the manner of the blind. He stood in the doorway graceful and at ease, totally without that visible and palpable trepidation characterizing the sightless. Only the great black shadow by which his eyes were shielded from all light made obvious his infirmity. He was erect as ever and seemed stronger, but his face had taken on a pallor, steadily increasing, and his hair had grown quite gray. Sometimes it had seemed to Helena that the worst of his affliction was that he had grown so old, and she with him, in spirit at least. She was one who loved youth. She should not yet have been at the end of it, and he, though nearly fifty, had seemed young until darkness had come to wither him. It was that which had put her heart to flight away from him, the fear of age.

Sir Frederick had great facility in finding his way without light. He could walk confidently throughout the great house, and observing the readiness of his movements, it was sometimes impossible to realize that he was blind. He came forward without hesitation and took Helena's right hand, which he raised to his lips. She had shifted the envelope to her left hand, and she must have put some pressure upon it, for the heavy seal of wax fell to the floor. It may have been dislodged by contact with the rough cover of the volume which Helena also held. The blind man, seeking both his wife's hands, felt the book and asked what it was. Being informed, he seemed pleased, even quite deeply touched.

There was an interval of silence, and then Sir Frederick, conscious of Helena's presence, turned his mind upon the business of the day.

"Is there any word from the Frenchmen?" he asked. "I feared that I heard you speak of D'Epimay."

"I have a message from the embassy," said Helena, and at that Sir Frederick stood back from the door, inclining his head with homage fit to touch one's heart as the dainty rustling of his wife's garments and the faint, exquisite fragrance of her hair passed before him through the dark.

"Let's begin with monsieur l'ambassadeur," said Sir Frederick. "I think his communication cannot be of much importance—a piece of diplomatic evasion. I've no doubt."

"Evasion!" echoed Helena softly. "The easy refuge of dishonesty."

He inclined his head, smiling, and then:

"Read it, dearest," he said.

Helena drew forth the contents of the envelope, consisting of the usual parchment paper sheet and one small slip adhering so gently to the other that it could be pulled away and leave no perceptible mark. Then she began to read the ambassador's note, omitting not a syllable of the fantastic courtesies of diplomacy, and so on to the body of the document, wherein the writer begged to reply to the most highly valued communication, etc., and did reply, with nothing in particular very finely expressed.

"Is that all?" asked Sir Frederick. "Well, we could have written it ourselves, couldn't we?"

Was it possible that the clock which defied so loudly was a very small one at the end of this long room? Why, and if it were, it was a voice to plumb the minutes. She could not remember ever before to have heard articulate words through that heavy door, yet there was no indication that Eunice was speaking loudly. It must be that there was a peculiar quality of stillness at the moment.

"I wish to see my brother directly, he is ill," said Eunice.

Helena looked at her husband keenly. It is hard to read a face when the eyes are covered, yet Helena was as sure as of her own existence that Sir Frederick suspected nothing, that he never would know that his question "Is that all?" had been a mere form of words.

What is a vow? To the superstitious, it may be much to Eunice, perhaps, a compulsion, a law having its spring in custom and fear. But when one is free from all that? Why act against one's own interests without a motive, without a reward?

It was a moment when the forces at war within her arrayed themselves sharply upon opposite sides. She had wished to live, really to live. She had coveted her youth and the natural rewards of her beauty. She had wished for eyes that could see her, for loving admiration, not mere flattery.

Her husband's hopeless affliction had weighed upon her intolerably. She had felt a pang of terror, an almost uncontrollable desire for flight. It had seemed to her in certain hours of rebellion that her hair was whitening in a single day. Yet all she had created was a very little life, a breath of freedom, a momentary total contrast.

She had met a young, handsome, ardent man. He possessed certain charm, attractive in a degree, and her laughter had been echoed by him with many others. To him, later, she had never been blind. M. d'Epimay was merely a pale imitation of her dreamed-of ideal. He had no regard to her, a certain nonchalant indifference, never passing beyond the aim of winning to enjoy his homage, which in some mysterious way seemed to make her his own.

It was all a matter of a few weeks, all unobtainable, without definite value. And now, for the first time, she must have her own power, her own part in her life, a part that would not be a mere shadow, and that would never fail her again. She looked at him and suddenly her heart returned to its allegiance. In that moment she prized him dearly. He was all that he had ever been to her.

And there was no real need to lose his love and his respect. Why keep a promise of so great expense? To his question "Is that all?" she might answer "Yes," and that would be the end. But she would have sold herself. "No," she said steadily, "it is not all. There is more."

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"More?" he queried, surprised. "What I shall read," she continued, "is from M. d'Epimay under the same cover, and therefore yours. Listen."

So Helena read, knowing little more than he of what the words would be, surprised and angry at the banality and insolence of it. Thus:

"I must see you. You have denied me the light of your countenance in these last few days, but I am strong in hope. This afternoon at Lady Marvins we shall have ten minutes, perhaps more, if the fates are kind. You will not fail me. I send this by our private post, uniquely safe."

Helena looked up, having reached the end.

"There is no more," she said. "Absurd and common! I have given him no right."

Sir Frederick raised his hand.

"I am quite content," he said simply. But she would not be restrained. She told her story with such exactitude as



"I MUST SPEAK TO YOU," she whispered, she had shown in reading the empty phrases of diplomatic correspondence. And when thus told M. d'Epimay's love-making was much like one of the communications, containing nothing of importance except the usual repetition of the diplomat's dishonest intentions.

"As to this message," she concluded, "he told me that he should address me thus, and I did not forbid it, with sincerity. That is the truth, and I merit your contempt. He said there would be a mark upon the envelope, and if it should come I thought to save my conscience by removing the message before you should find me reading evasion, the easy refuge of dishonesty."

"Upon this book," said Sir Frederick, raising it toward his lips, "you made an earlier vow to me. God knows that no man ever felt more safe. Yet never in my most exalted rapture of confidence have I been so blessed by utter and perfect security as at this moment. I have seen your soul."

"I seemed to be growing old," said Helena, to him. "You were so much in my mind, I was afraid."

"The little girl looks out upon the crowd in the street and thinks that she is running away," said he. "Then she returns with confusion for a sin of disobedience which she has not committed."

"I love you," an uttered Helena. "No one else is anything to me."

He laid his hand upon his forehead with a peculiar gesture.

"Do you know what they have told me this morning?" he said. "They have promised me that I shall see again. I hardly dared to speak of it, yet I have strong hope, and if it comes true."

"We shall rejoice together," said she, "and if it does not we shall still rejoice."

She bent forward to kiss his hand, which lay upon the desk, and he felt her tears.

Eunice met him at the end of the east corridor. She was very pale, and her thin lips were drawn hard.

"I must speak to you," she whispered. "Why does the king let you walk like this alone?"

"At my wish," said he. "We need not stand each other."

"You do not?" she cried. "I can be silent no longer. M. d'Epimay."

"Ah, yes," said he. "M. d'Epimay. He is a handsome youth, of good family, too, but a rascal."

"The sent her a message this morning."

"True," she read it to me."

"She read it?"

"I read you read it first," said he gravely. "I heard the seal fall on the floor, and they are not likely to ask. It must have been the seal I heard, but I understood afterward that there was more upon the envelope. I am sure I would not have disturbed it, and I have learned the lesson upon the seal, come moments when he was not there, I am sorry," he added after a brief pause, "sorry for M. d'Epimay."

"For him?" she cried.

"He is a rascal, as I remarked before," said Sir Frederick, "and I call it make one which I am sure this morning for every man in London who is not happy."

He raised the last word, not to do, but in a tone of exultation. His hand rested upon her shoulder for a moment and then he took away along the hall, he had not a step to be sure as if God's light was in his eyes once more, and it was in his heart

Girls Who Make Their Opportunities

ONCE upon a time there were two girls. Both were forced to earn their living. The first girl had a peculiar talent. She was naturally brilliant, and things came easily to her. She obtained a position which gave her a certain amount of spare time, much more than falls to the lot of the average worker. To her profit by this to increase her talents, to make herself more valuable in her present position, to guard herself against the time when that position might be no longer hers? Not a bit of it. She lived to the full extent of her income and even a trifle over, she spent her money on dress, on little dinners—she wasted it in a thousand foolish ways. Ultimately what might have been expected happened. Through a succession of changes she was suddenly put out of her position. There were no others of that kind open to her. Her several other talents were in that crude condition where they were of no use to anybody. She had no money to perfect herself in any of them; result, a life ruined.

Girl No. 2 started out with a severe handicap. She could barely read, write and spell, but she was brave and ambitious, which means nearly everything in this world. The only position she was able to find was one in a shop, a very inferior position, too, where the hours were long and there was next to no opportunity to rise. Did she become discouraged? Not a bit of it. Instead of wasting her time evenings she attended a night school where she learned advertising, besides improving her much neglected education. Today she is advertising manager for a large dry goods house at a good, big salary. And yet she began with practically nothing.

Yet another case: Two girls came to New York; neither knew a soul. At the end of two years one girl had a nice little circle of good acquaintances; the other is still complaining of the coldness of the big city toward strangers and the temptations with which it besetters a lonely girl. The reason is not hard to find. The first girl went to a good church, became introduced to the pastor and through him was given an opportunity of joining one or two of the church societies, where she met nice women who helped her in every way they possibly could. She made friends by her goodness, her simplicity and her earnestness to succeed and to do right.

The other girl stayed in her stuffy hall bedroom and waited for fate to help her. When she did go out, it was not to go to church or to cultivate the society of serious-minded women who might be of some good to her. Instead she frequented cafes and such places where any man she could coax to take her, and she found a few worthless fellows attracted by her pretty face and amused by her foolish ways. The few women acquaintances she made she treated with indifference. They were no good, hadn't enough money, couldn't give dinners or introduce

her to men. She lost sight of the principle that it takes time and patience to make the right circle of friends, and also that the right sort of man, the man who is safe to marry, is not found floating about town, but is met at the houses of women friends. Result, she is obliged now to continue her life entirely to Bohemian circles, not a very satisfying element for a girl brought up as she has been.

It all comes to this: There is hardly a girl who has succeeded who has not owed it to her friends, on the other hand, hardly a girl has failed but it is largely through her own fault.

There is no reason why any right-minded girl should be lonely even in a large city. With care and patience the girl can build a circle of friends if she seeks them in the proper way and treats them properly.

There is no excuse for any girl not making a circle in this world, provided she has a bit of brain and an ordinary amount of self-control.

Don't tell me you haven't the opportunity. Make them for yourself.

MAUD ROBINSON.

BARNSTABLE'S PLAN.

CAPE COD TOWN SOLVES THE GOOD ROADS PROBLEM.

Will Expand \$75,000 on Stone Roads in a Term of Three Years—Debt to Be Paid in Seven Annual Payments of \$7,500.

A matter of vital importance to the residents of Cape Cod and one which is at present holding the attention of the taxpayers in many towns is good roads. There is perhaps no section of the state where the natural conditions for the construction of roads are as poor as on the cape, says the Boston Globe. For years experiments have been conducted along one line or another looking toward the building of roads and their maintenance, but little success was obtained until the state came to the rescue and began the construction of the state highway, so called.

The method of roadbuilding as employed by those who began the construction of the state highway on the cape was vastly different from that ever before tried in this region, and the work was viewed with the keenest interest by the old roadbuilders and highway surveyors. While the contributions received from the state each year helped materially to put the roads on the cape in excellent condition, the process was necessarily slow, and years would have to elapse before such roads could predominate.

Most of the towns on the cape did not feel that they were able to expend the vast sums that would be required to build stone roads, and they continued to appropriate the usual amount each year as in times past, which barely kept the old roads in condition. By the old method of making appropriations for roads as employed by the towns on the cape little or no progress was made in the construction of new roads, and matters were not getting any better, while the demands for good roads were increasing each year.

To build stone roads required the outlay of large sums of money, which most of the towns felt they could not afford without increasing the tax rate to such a figure that it would deter persons who might wish to take up a residence on the cape from coming hither. The residents of the cape agreed that to promote a healthy financial growth of their respective towns good roads must be built.

Prosperity follows good roads, and the improved financial conditions in all towns where good roads prevail can be traced directly to excellent roads. The residents of the cape likewise agreed that the time had come for a radical change in the method of roadbuilding and their maintenance, and plans for the construction of stone roads and for the payment of the debt which would be incurred thereby were discussed from one end of the cape to the other.

While the various towns were deliberating over the methods they would employ to build stone roads and were formulating plans for the payment of the debt that would thereby be incurred, Captain Thomas Patterson of Barnstable, who for years had been making a study of stone roads, their construction, etc., presented a plan to his town which solved the problem, for that town at least, and seems likely to be adopted by other towns on the cape. In submitting his plan Captain Patterson, to use his own words, said: "The thought that was uppermost in my mind was that of not raising the tax rate and also that the burden of liquidating the debt should be shared by those who will enjoy and be materially benefited by the adoption of the modern and progressive policy."

The plan presented by Captain Patterson and which the town adopted was that of expending \$75,000 on stone roads in a term of three years and the debt to be paid in seven annual payments of \$7,500, the liquidation beginning in 1904 and ending in 1910. Of the total amount to be expended on stone roads \$50,000 would be spent the first year, \$22,500 the second and a like amount the third year. The sum raised by taxation each year would be \$13,000.

The plan which Captain Patterson gave to Barnstable was put in operation last year and has worked to the perfect satisfaction of all. Stone roads are fast replacing the old and gravel worn sandy ones in the town, and ere long the whole town will be covered with a network of roads the equal of which it will be difficult to find in the state.

With the state each year building sections of the main highway along the cape and the adoption of Captain Patterson's plan, which seems probable, by the other towns the whole of Cape Cod would within a few years be able to boast of excellent roads and set an example which it will behave other towns to follow.

Advantages of Good Roads.

Good, permanent roads, made so as to be passable for a full wagon load every day in the year, would bring to the farm that was not more than ten or twelve miles from the market town the advantages the town offers to its own inhabitants. This class of roads, the drive to town with the exact best roadsters now common on nearly every farm in the fairly well settled portions of the land north not at the outside require more than an hour's time to make it.

Money Value of Good Roads.

The difference between good and bad roads is equivalent to the difference between profit and loss. Good roads have a money value to farmers as well as to the public and good white, and, however, not everyone is content so good and permanent highways which good roads always enhance and looking at them only from the dimly dollar side, they are found to pay handsome dividends each year.

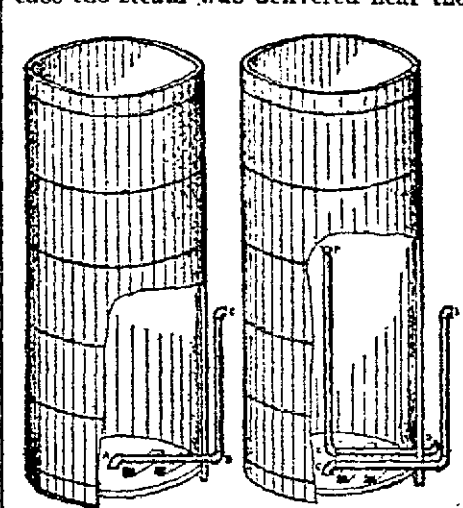


STEAM IN THE SILO.

An Interesting Experiment Which May Be of Value to Dairymen.

In bulletin No. 72 of the Oregon experiment station (Corvallis) there is an interesting account of steaming silage. The silos, made purposely for the experiment, were constructed of well-seasoned yellow fir dressed tongue and groove lumber 1 1/2 inches thick, 3 1/2 inches wide and 12 feet long. When completed, the silos measured approximately five feet in diameter and twelve feet deep. They were constructed plain, having no doors, so that the only way of filling and emptying was by way of the top of the silo. Five such silos were constructed. Two of them, Nos. 1 and 5, were fitted with 1 1/2 inch piping, so that they could be steamed after being filled.

The picture clearly shows how the steam pipes were connected. In one case the steam was delivered near the



DEVICE FOR STEAMING SILAGE.

bottom only. The other was fitted "so that steam could be liberated in the silo within two inches of the bottom at G and also midway between the bottom and top at F. The upright pipe EF in the silo was covered with a cap at F, so as to prevent fodder from falling into the pipe. Ten to fifteen holes three-eighths of an inch in diameter were drilled in the pipe near the cap at F as outlets for the steam. The elbow at G turns directly down and comes to within about two inches of the bottom of the silo. This elbow G prevents material from getting into the pipe and serves as an easy outlet for the steam when forcing it into the silo near the bottom.

The corn cut into these silos was quite green. It was cut into three-fourths inch lengths and packed down so that each silo contained a little over three tons. Steam was introduced under pressure of first twenty and again later at forty pounds. This was kept up until the steam escaped at the top, and the temperature rose 212 degrees. Then the steam was turned off and the pipe stuffed with sterilized cotton, while the top of the silage was covered with the same material. As a result of the steaming the silage shrank about 25 per cent. When opened, there was some loss at the top, as the cotton did not prove a good protector. Below the moldy part the silage was bright and sweet, "with the odor of cooked sweet corn, not at all like ordinary silage." Analysis of this silage showed that it did not undergo nearly as great a chemical change as the silage put up in the ordinary way. Of course such a small silo does not give a fair chance for practical investigation, and this year the experiments have been repeated on a larger scale, in silos nine and ten feet in diameter. These have been filled with corn and green clover and thoroughly steamed.

Two Butter Makers.

Does our butter need to be renovated or washed before going on the general market? Country hucksters supply the most of the butter to be "made again," so if you sell good butter to the huckster and your neighbor sells bad it all has to be made new if the huckster mixes it. Educate your neighbor. There are, from this neighborhood, two persons who take butter once each week to our market town. One gets 20 cents per pound cash, the other from 15 to 17 cents, half cash, half trade. The latter sells at the grocery store, the former direct to consumers. The first always takes good butter; sometimes the other's butter is quite a little "off." To which class do you belong?—Tennessee Farmer.



A western writer says that there are many cow keepers, but few dairymen. He distinguishes between the two rather sharply. He says that the men with dairy instincts come out to hear lectures on the feeding of the dairy cow; they read how to handle and how to improve her, and the result is that their output of milk is very greatly increased. The "cow keepers" he describes as fossilized. They will not only not improve their dairy cows, but they will not learn how to feed to get the best results from what they have. He cites the instance where at one large creamery it was found on investigation that the cows were yielding only ten pounds of milk per day on the average, and that, too, in the flush of the season. One of the great troubles is that no cow census is taken by most of our milk using institutions, and the patrons are thus not brought to realize that their cows are giving a very small amount of milk. Probably the very best way to increase the production of milk is to take a cow census every year at least, if not every six months, and then show the patrons just what their cows are doing. When they have the figures brought home to them, then they begin to wake up to the necessity of doing something. There are many cow keepers that can be made into good dairymen with a sufficient amount of jarring.—Farmer's Review.

Pure Water an Essential.

It is useless to take great pains in making and handling butter and then spoil it by using impure water to wash it with. Water may be all right in appearance and taste, and it may be harmless for drinking purposes, and yet it may contain some chemical property that will spoil the flavor of butter. The greatest trouble, however, with water comes from vegetable impurities, causing a growth of fungous mold on the butter. When the butter is off in flavor and the cause cannot be discovered elsewhere, boil or filter the water and see how it works.



"IS THAT ALL?"

with scant cordiality, saying the book in her hand. At that moment Henry Hallam, secretary to Sir Frederick, was entering the small room intervening between the corridor and the study. He passed in before Helena, not seeing her until she had come into the ante-chamber. Then he made his customary salutations of the morning and offered an envelope which he had just taken from his desk.

"How did this come?" asked Helena. "It was delivered by M. d'Epimay," replied Hallam. "What?" The doorkeeper of the east wing comes to me to have been at fault in laying it upon my desk instead of putting it into my hands or Sir Frederick's."

Louis Sylvester d'Epimay, with his of the French embassy for some mysterious reason the man's full name and



WAITING FOR FATE TO HELP HER.

her to men. She lost sight of the principle that it takes time and patience to make the right circle of friends, and also that the right sort of man, the man who is safe to marry, is not found floating about town, but is met at the houses of women friends. Result, she is obliged now to continue her life entirely to Bohemian circles, not a very satisfying element for a girl brought up as she has been.

It all comes to this: There is hardly a girl who has succeeded who has not owed it to her friends, on the other hand, hardly a girl has failed but it is largely through her own fault.

There is no reason why any right-minded girl should be lonely even in a large city. With care and patience the girl can build a circle of friends if she seeks them in the proper way and treats them properly.

There is no excuse for any girl not making a circle in this world, provided she has a bit of brain and an ordinary amount of self-control.

Don't tell me you haven't the opportunity. Make them for yourself.

MAUD ROBINSON.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE
By George F. Seymour

Late in the spring of 1904, on the old Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, which had been taken possession of by the military authorities, I was doing "guard" work, which meant that sometimes I would run a shifter in the yard and perhaps the next thing would make an extra train out over the road.

We didn't have very much in the way of rolling stock at that time, as the "Jolians" had run most of it away when they evacuated Nashville, and we were particularly short of good engines. One day I was sent out with an extra train and told to pull it down to Chattanooga with the shifter. This had been in its day a first class engine, but it was very old and had been patched and doctored up for use in the yard. We had a squad of soldiers for a guard, and orders had been given for everything to keep out of our way.

Several changes had been made on the road since I had been out, but the only one having anything to do with this story was with regard to a siding about two-thirds of the way down. This was a spur some thousand feet or so in length, running into a gravel pit. There was quite a gully between the main track and the pit, and the siding ran for some distance over a trestle. Some of the rails had been taken up and used to lengthen out another spur track farther down the road. The switch stand had been removed and the switch spiked fast.

We stopped at a water tank just this side of Stevenson. Here the lieutenant in charge said he had a wounded guerrilla, and, as he didn't know what to do with him, we would have to take him to Chattanooga with us. So he was carried into the conductor's car at the rear of the train, and laid on the floor. It was now well along toward evening and growing dark very rapidly, more so than usual, as a thunderstorm was coming up. Before long it was upon us, and it was a terror. I rolled the old engine along for all she was worth, and as there was a pretty stiff grade on this part of the road we were making tolerably good time. About three-quarters of an hour after passing Stevenson the gong gave the signal to stop. Never, before or since, did it



I SAW A BOLT OF LIGHTNING COMING DIRECTLY TOWARD US.

send such a thrill through me. Before the sound of the bell had been swallowed up in the roar of the storm I had whistled for the brakes and reversed the engine. I knew that this would be of little avail, for the rails were slippery as glass, the train was heavy and we were running down an eighty foot grade. Just then I chanced to look back and saw Tom Gage, the conductor, climbing over the rear end of the tender. A moment later he was in the cab, and his face was as white as a sheet. He shouted in my ear:

"How far are we from the old gravel pit siding? Tell me, quick!"

The fireman had come over to my side of the cab, and I motioned to him to answer the question. "A little more than 300 yards, I reckon. Why?"

"Why?" Tom repeated in a shout. "We're all of us going into the ditch; that's why! That guerrilla chap has just come by his senses, and he says his gang pulled out the spikes and then threw the switch, so as to open the siding track, and that a whole lot of the gang are waiting there for us now. I'm going to climb down before we get there. So goodbye, boys!" And, jumping to the side, he disappeared.

"Jump, Jim!" I cried to my fireman. "I'm going to stick here and take my chances, but you needn't!"

He looked at me steadily for a second, shook his head and turned to his own side of the cab. Our speed had now slackened, but not sufficiently to offer the slightest hope of our coming to a stop before reaching the fatal siding. And I remember now that I fell to calculating how long it would probably be until we struck the switch. I noticed that we seemed to be running into the heart of the storm. The lightning was terrific.

And now we were in the cut—just beyond it was the siding—and I knew that within the next three minutes the story would be told, for we were still running at a fair pace. As we came out of the cut the siding was in plain sight in the lightning, and I saw in a moment that the conductor had had the truth, for the switch had been thrown over and we could power could save us from turning off to the left, passing over three or four sections of the trestle, and then, when we

reached the end of the rails, pitching twenty-five or thirty feet down into the ravine.

Nothing prompted me to turn my eyes toward the other side of the track, and there I saw a group of men, ten or a dozen of them, all armed, crouching in the face of the embankment. At the sight all my enthusiasm took flight. I forgot all about the danger we were in. Drawing my revolver I emptied it into the midst of the group and had the satisfaction of seeing two of them tumble over. Then I threw the lever forward and pulled the throttle wide open, for now I was anxious to have the thing over with, and the end, whatever it might be, reached at once.

The train jumped ahead, and we were almost on the switch when I saw a bolt of lightning coming directly toward us. I say I saw it. I did see it, and that is all I know. The conclusion that followed made the old engine rattle in every joint and almost jolted me from the cab.

When, a moment later, the realization of our position returned to me, I saw that the engine had passed over the switch. A minute later and the entire train was across, and then I knew that by some means which I could not understand we had escaped the trap that had been laid for us. A moment before we had reached it I had seen the open switch as distinctly as I ever saw anything in my life, and yet we passed over it in safety.

It was like a miracle. We pulled into Chattanooga about midnight. The assistant superintendent happened to be there, and early the next morning he sent for me.

"You seem to be the only man likely to give me a clear account of your last night's experience," he said. And when I had given it he added sharply, "You are certain you saw the open switch?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "perfectly sure of it."

Then he turned to me suddenly and said:

"What was it that closed the switch and let you over?"

"That's more than I can say," I replied, "but something closed it or we would have gone out over the siding and then down into the gully."

"No doubt of that," he said; "none whatever. And you mentioned something about an unusually sharp flash of lightning which came at about this time." He paused significantly, then added: "Well, I want you to keep this matter entirely to yourself. Take the first train going out, make a thorough examination of the switch and find out, if you can, what closed it so suddenly. The next train coming this way will pick you up, and as soon as you arrive here report to me."

The assistant superintendent's suggestion about the lightning kept my brain busy during the trip. Could that flash have been the agency whereby we were turned from certain doom into the path of safety? I got the answer as soon as I arrived at the scene of our adventure and examined the switch. Not only had the switch been closed by being thrown violently into place, but the parts where they came together had been fused and welded by heaven's fires into a mass so solid as to prevent the switch from ever being opened again.

Some may say it was nothing more than chance, others will call it good luck, but I never think of it without realizing that the bolt which struck the switch and forced it back into place came straight from him who "holds the lightning in his hands."

Mistaken Doubt.

Shortly after George De Forest Brush, the well known painter, had sold a \$7,000 picture Mrs. Brush, whose delicate, spirituelle face and old fashioned gowns are familiar to the public through her husband's canvases, was loitering one afternoon along Fifth avenue with her children. At an art store window the little group tarried. While gazing at the pictures a woman of distinguished presence and fashionable attire came out of the store. In passing by her carriage the beauty of one of the Brush children attracted her attention. Calling the lad to her, she gave him some pennies. Then, meeting the wan, spirituelle face of the mother, the same face that shines out from that painted canvas "Mother and Child," awarded in Paris the gold medal and now the property of the Boston museum, the Lady Bountiful said soliloquously, "My good woman, does your husband have plenty of work?" "Oh, yes, thank you," said Mrs. Brush humbly. "He is quite busy painting." The carriage door closed upon the beneficent lady, who went home doubtless inwardly patting herself for having shown sympathy for a poor house painter's wife.—New York Press.

An Old Enemy.

Persons who rise in the world are not always as frank about their former place in life as good sense and humor might lead them to be. Dean Hole in his book of reminiscences, "Now and Then," tells a little story of one whose humor did not desert him in time of prosperity.

A footman who had begun life as a doctor's boy grew interested in the study of medicine and spent his leisure hours reading medical books. He came to the United States, worked hard as a student and as a physician for many years and attained a large practice.

After some years of absence he returned to England. Seated one day at luncheon with those whom he had formerly served, he suddenly astonished the company by holding up the mustard pot and addressing it with, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

Afterward he explained that the only reproach he had incurred from the lady who was then at the head of the table was evoked by the neglected condition of the mustard pot.—Youth's Companion.

UNIONS A BLESSING.

NEXT TO CHRISTIANITY THEY HAVE BEEN LABOR'S BEST FRIEND.

Without Them the Mass of Working-men Would Soon Be Forced into Absolute Serfdom—Unions Have Benefited Nonunion Workmen.

The Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks in a sermon preached before the congregation of Grace Methodist Episcopal church, West One Hundred and Fourth street, New York, on a recent Sunday defended labor unions. The subject of his discourse was "Have Labor Unions Been a Curse or Blessing to Mankind?" He said in part:

"Dr. Hillis spoke very earnestly last Sunday on some phases of the question of union labor. He brought out two weak points in regard to labor unions. One was that union labor has a tendency to stifle individual ambition; the other, the occasional instances of cruel treatment of nonunion men by union men. There still remains, however, a large question undiscussed, and that is the necessity for and helpfulness of labor unions as a whole.

"No man can go back thirty years and examine into the labor conditions then existing and following its course until today without coming to the deliberate conclusion that, outside of Christianity, nothing has ever been so great a blessing to laboring men generally as labor organizations. Nonunion men are themselves today receiving higher wages than it would be possible for them to receive had it not been for the light waged by the labor organizations. Nonunion men are themselves today receiving higher wages than it would be possible for them to receive had it not been for the light waged by the labor organizations. If the employers were not organized into great trusts, it might be possible for laboring men to receive just treatment without labor unions, but with the giant combinations which today control the great factories, furnaces and mines and transportation companies the mass of laboring men would be forced into absolute serfdom inside of ten years if labor unions did not come to their rescue.

"The old days when the employer and the employee lived in the same street in the same town and met in friendly and social relations are gone. Now the employer may be made up of ten or a score or a hundred thousand men scattered all over the country who never see the men at work in their factories and are utterly removed from all sympathetic and personal touch. Furthermore, the employer has probably pooled his entire investment with other investments like it, and a giant trust controls. It is a mere question of dividends. And unless labor be organized it has no chance of fair treatment.

"In my judgment the labor unions are perfectly logical in their demands for the recognition of their unions and to sell their labor when they desire to do so through the officers of their union. The employers unite in trusts and appoint one or more men to represent them, and to say the laboring men shall not have the same privilege is an intolerable assumption of superiority on the part of the employers over their employees.

"There is nothing in the world that would allay the suspicion and unrest in the industrial world today so much as for employers everywhere to frankly recognize labor unions. In so doing they recognize the equality of the men who work for them with themselves, and you can never have perfect peace without that.

"Here is an actual occurrence in one of our largest manufacturing establishments. During a serious depression in the business represented by a certain plant wages were reduced 10 per cent. As was expected, not a great many hours passed before a committee from a labor union came and demanded to know the cause of the difficulty and demanding as well the immediate restoration of their former wage. The president replied: 'You have just as much right to come to me and ask for an increase in your wages as the stockholders have a right to come into my counting room and ask for an increase in dividends. And if you cannot get the wages you have a right to know why you cannot, just the same as the stockholder has a right to know why he cannot get the dividends he thinks himself entitled to. Bring your experts here and have them go through our books. If they find we can restore this 10 per cent, we will do it, no matter what it costs us.'

"The men said that was a fair proposition and accepted it. Experts were brought in, and in about three weeks a report was handed in to the union. Then the committee visited the president and told him that they had not only come to withdraw their demand, but to recommend a still further reduction.

"Now, that is not a fable about the angels, but simply a fact from this smoky, everyday world of ours. The way to industrial peace must be along those lines. I do not intend to defend a great deal that unions have done, and I imagine no one would like to defend a great deal that employers have been guilty of doing. There are men on either side, and I would be willing to match the ethics of one against the ethics of the other. Justice, fair treatment, free recognition of the rights of laboring men to speak to their employers through representatives in the same way that the employer's interests would be a tremendous step toward peace."

Stan. Tribune Convention.

The Democratic Convention, American edition of South America will hold a general convention and at the same time celebrate its thirty-fifth anniversary at Chicago, beginning on Dec. 5.

TO WED A COUNT.

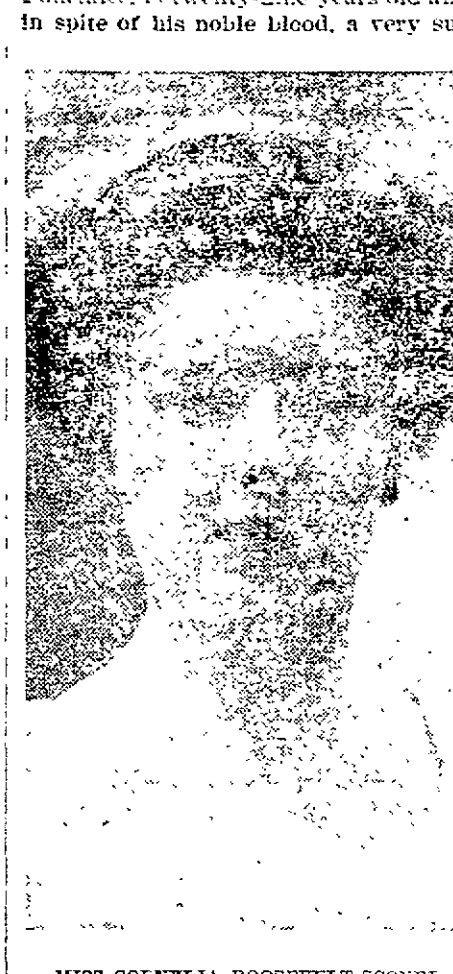
Remorse of Miss Scovel, Who Is a Cousin of President Roosevelt.

Miss Cornelia Roosevelt Scovel, whose engagement to Count Max Cramer de Pourtales, a nobleman of historic family and wealth, is a cousin of President Roosevelt.

Miss Cornelia Roosevelt Scovel is the daughter of Count Max Cramer de Pourtales and Mrs. L. B. Scovel. The countess was so popular in some parts of the west as to be very popular in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Kansas and Texas. She was one among the oldest friends in England, though long divided from the National and the Social Reform League were so much alike that as long as 1940 they were called the same and called the National and Social Reform League was established not long after in which all that gave evidence of being descended from either of these breeds could be registered. Their most prominent characteristics, as seen at first glance, are the absence of horns and of white in the hair. They may have some brindle marks among the dark red, and in some cases they have a little yellow, but not often. But a closer examination shows a well rounded form, broad at the hips and shoulders, a rather heavy neck and large with back of the shoulders, with ribs well back to the hips. The udder is not as prominent as that shown by some other breeds, and they do not produce as much milk as the Holstein or the Ayrshire when first fresh, but they have the faculty of holding out in the amount they give well up to the period of dropping the next calf, and their milk is second only to the Jersey and Guernsey in amount of butter fat, or so say those who have kept the pure breeds. They are also claimed to be among the most hardy of the English breeds.

Good Prices For Dairy Cows.

Good dairy cows are worth something now in the dairy and will be worth more as the season progresses. It is hard to get them down east, and we notice that a carload lot realized from \$65 to \$84 a head in Orange county, N. Y., recently, one cow commanding as high as \$125.—Dairy World.



MISS CORNELIA ROOSEVELT SGOVEL.

Successful business man. The family is of French origin and played an important part in ancient French history. Its various branches are now scattered over the world, one being well known in the United States. The count's father is Count Cramer, who descends from one of the oldest noble families of Zurich, Switzerland. According to a common custom on the European continent, Count Max bears the name of his mother, who was a Countess de Pourtales.

Count Max's father is now a wealthy banker and financier of Milan, Italy. The young man is in the same business. He is a fine all around sportsman. He has won many steeplechases all over Europe and is also a good carman and swordsman. He is a graduate of the University of Lausanne, in Switzerland.

It was only last August that Miss Scovel's brother, Frederic Roosevelt Scovel, was married to Miss Vivian Sartoris, daughter of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris and granddaughter of General Grant.

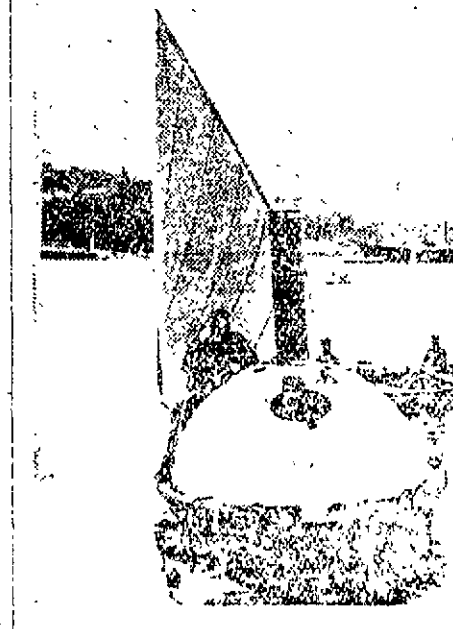
The marriage will take place at Florence in the spring. The date has not yet been fixed. The event is one which will interest a great number of persons, for the bride and bridegroom are well known on two hemispheres and in circles political, fashionable, commercial and even scientific.

DEFIES STORMY SEAS.

What Captain Donvig Claims For His New Lifeboat.

The newest addition to apparatus designed for saving life at sea, which has just been tested at Dover, England, is said to fulfill all the claims made for it by its builder, Captain Donvig, a Norwegian inventor.

The new boat is globular in shape and will accommodate twenty persons and provisions for thirty days. Water is carried in four tanks inside the double bottom. Two watertight manholes in the crown of the craft furnish means of getting into the boat. The pure



THE DONVIG LIFE SAVING BOAT.

which is set in the top and not a fly is an air shaft, but also a mast, to which a sail can be attached when the wind is favorable.

Captain Donvig claims, besides extreme seaworthiness, that the boat can be sailed easily by a ship's cook, as so often happens with ordinary boats. He also claims that it can be capsized and with a man's arm can be thrown overboard in a moment. The first test of the boat was made when it was sailed by a ship's cook, who, he claims, sailed the craft under the most adverse conditions possible.



The writer of one of the past essays read before the Ohio State university claimed that the Holstein cow were so popular in some parts of the west as to be very popular in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Kansas and Texas. She was one among the oldest friends in England, though long divided from the National and the Social Reform League were so much alike that as long as 1940 they were called the same and called the National and Social Reform League was established not long after in which all that gave evidence of being descended from either of these breeds could be registered. Their most prominent characteristics, as seen at first glance, are the absence of horns and of white in the hair. They may have some brindle marks among the dark red, and in some cases they have a little yellow, but not often. But a closer examination shows a well rounded form, broad at the hips and shoulders, a rather heavy neck and large with back of the shoulders, with ribs well back to the hips. The udder is not as prominent as that shown by some other breeds, and they do not produce as much milk as the Holstein or the Ayrshire when first fresh, but they have the faculty of holding out in the amount they give well up to the period of dropping the next calf, and their milk is second only to the Jersey and Guernsey in amount of butter fat, or so say those who have kept the pure breeds. They are also claimed to be among the most hardy of the English breeds.

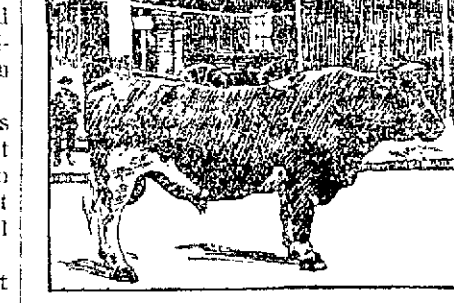
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A Fine Holstein Bull.

The illustration shows an eight-year-old Holstein bull, bred and owned at the Portage Prairie stock farm, South Bend, Ind. Whether in individuality or pedigree, this bull is entitled to rank in the front row of the first class of his breed.

Although we insist as tenaciously as any upon the value of a good pedigree for the dairy sire, says Hoard's Dairyman, yet we place special emphasis upon individuality, or form. It is no longer open to debate that there is a dairy form, and if one wants to raise heifers possessing this form he must see to it that their sires, as well as their dams, are built that way. Therefore, although this bull traces in every line to dams and sires in the Holstein advanced registry and carries the blood of the world



PAULINE PAUL.

famous cows, De Kol II, Pauline Paul and Princess of Wayne, it is more to our purpose to point out that despite his years and great weight (2,215 pounds) he shows the neat head and horns, the sharp withers, the deep barrel, the well cut up flank, the pelvic arch and the light, thin, incurving thighs that characterize 90 per cent of all the first class dairy cows in the land. When one wants to raise such cows, he should use such sires.

Cure of Spring Calves.

When there is a decrease in the supply of milk, the spring calves are usually the first ones to suffer from its lack, unless the policy has been to stop feeding it to them as soon as they were able to eat grass or hay. We think it should be given them daily as long as it can be spared for that purpose, and when it is no longer available substitute a little wheat bran or oats. Even oat straw that was cut while the grain was in the milk makes a good feed for them, and so does rye or early cut clover hay. We think that no small part of the grain that has been made in the milk production of our cows is due about as much to the better feeding of our calves, forcing earlier maturity and bringing them at two years old as far advanced and as well developed as they used to be at three or four years old, as it is to the more liberal feeding and the better balanced rations given them after they come fresh. One cannot take a calf that has been on short rations until it has developed to a cow and make it a good milk producer after that by more liberal feeding. Give it a good start when young, and then it should make a good cow if it is from good stock.—American Cultivator.

A Remarkable Case of Fecundity.

In the Victorian Journal of Agriculture for 1902 we find the following very interesting instance of remarkable fecundity recorded: Mr. J. W. Anderson of Tower Hill Park owns a thoroughbred Ayrshire cow, Rosette, bred by Mr. George Haffie. On the 16th of April, 1898, she gave birth to twins (male and female). The female had her first calf in August, 1900, and the bull was placed at one of Mr. Anderson's dairy farms at the head of a herd of cows. Twelve of the cows have had twins. There is no history of special fecundity in Rosette's family. This incident is made more interesting by the fact in cases like this that one or the other of the twins is very apt to be barren.—Hoard's Dairyman.

WHY KEEP POOR COWS?

Only Rich Men Can Afford to Keep Poor Men Should Have the Best.

Only the rich can afford to keep poor cows, and they don't, and the poorer a man is the better his few cows should be if he is to make a living. To see a poor man keeping poor cows is a sight to make one sigh at the short-sightedness of man. A poor man cannot afford to waste his money on poor cows. Usually we hear it said that the poor man cannot afford to own good cows. This is contrary to all experience. If he can afford to own any, he can afford to own the best.

The poor man who refuses to spend the money necessary to purchase a good cow and make enough to get a lot of a second grade one must work double time to get any profit and wait years before he can breed up to a higher standard. It is better to realize at the beginning that the poor man had better put all his money in half a dozen good cows than in a dozen or two inferior ones. In the end he will make more money. The profits of dairying depend entirely upon the cows and the system of raising feed and giving it to the animals. There is nothing else to decide the matter one way or the other. At the Pan-American model dairy there were good, but not fancy bred, cows which made \$40 profit per year for their owners, after the cost of feed had been deducted, which, by the way, was bought in the market and not raised on the home farm. If one good cow will make that profit, a herd of ten or twenty should net one a pretty fair income. This can be done in almost any region where the grass is good and where good methods of farming and dairying are observed.

More can be accomplished, but this is enough to show what some dairies can do and are doing.

It matters not so much what kind of breed you have so long as the animals are adapted to dairying and they are good representatives of their race. Each animal must be judged on its individual merits, and if not up to the standard it should be discarded. Price does not always measure the value of a serviceable cow. Sometimes high prices are tacked on for certain structural forms and breed characteristics which would not be of any use to the ordinary dairyman.—Northwestern Dairyman.



The work which has been done by Dr. Babcock and Russell at the Wisconsin experiment station on the curing of cheese is to be taken up in an experimental way by the dairy division of the United States department of agriculture. The Wisconsin station has been at work upon this problem for a number of years, and the results which have been secured are uniformly in favor of the use of much lower temperatures than have hitherto been employed for the ripening of cheddar cheese.

At the instigation of the officials of the Wisconsin station Major Henry H. Alvord, chief of the dairy division of the United States department of agriculture, has instituted two large series of experiments to be carried on in the east and west. These are to consist of the purchase of from 15,000 to 20,000 pounds of cheddar cheese from various portions of the country, which are to be put immediately from the press at various curing temperatures. The work in the west will be under the auspices of the Wisconsin station and will include cheese from various portions of Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan. The work in the east will be under the immediate control of the New York state experiment station at Geneva and will be carried on in New York city. It is the purpose of this experiment to ripen this cheese under commercial conditions and dispose of the product when it is at its best, so that it will be possible to judge of the commercial value of the process under commercial conditions. This experiment under national auspices as well as those which are being made by the Dominion government ought to definitely decide the question as to the relative merits of this process over the old system of curing.

Not an Ad. For Roquefort.

Roquefort cheese is made in France from the milk of the sheep and has to pass three stages of putrefaction before it is considered sufficiently stinking to suit the taste of French epicures. Limburger compared with Roquefort, is as bergamot to the sewage of a plague-stricken city, and its flavor is considered "tame" by the French gourmands. Americans make imitations of these disgusting articles that are almost as disgusting to normal factories as the genuine. These cheeses are cured under conditions of heat and moisture to hasten putrefaction and is conducted in damp caverns or cellars. Roquefort when brought to light is so attractive to flies of every line that it soon becomes streaked with fungi and vital with verminous life. To people of normal tastes it is incomprehensible that any human being can relish such feed, but we have seen people eat it, but always at a respectful distance or with a severely clamped nose. The writer has never tasted either of these varieties of cheese, as he could never get near enough to them. Farm and Ranch.

Low Temperature For Cheese.

If the cold curing advocates can induce all our cheese factories even to fix their cold curing rooms to maintain a temperature of not over 55 degrees, they will have increased the value of our cheese at least 1 per cent per pound, says an exchange.

PORTSMOUTH'S
SECRET AND SOCIAL
SOCIETIES.
WHEN AND WHERE THEY
MEET.
A Guide for Visitors and
Members.

MAN CASTLE, NO. 4, E. G. B.

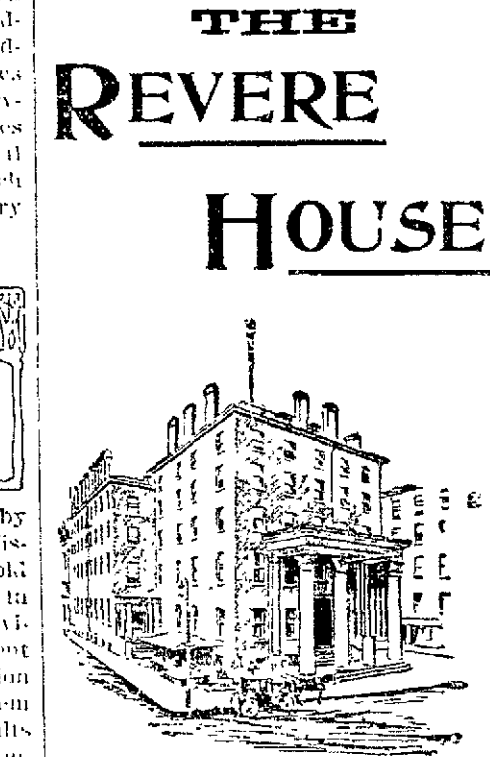
Meets at Hall, Pelree Block, High St.
Second and Fourth Wednesday of
each month.

Officers—A. L. Phinney, Past Chief;
Charles C. Charleson, Noble Chief; Fred
Hesler, Vice Chief; William Hampshire,
High Priest; Frank H. Meloon, Venerable
Hornet; George P. Knight, Sir Her-
ald; Samu-J R. Gardner, M. of R.; Fred
Gardner, K. of E.; C. W. Hanscom, C.
c. E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First
and Third Thursday of each month.
Officers—C. W. Hanscom, Comman-
der; John Hooper, Vice-Councilor; Wil-
liam P. Gardner, Senior Ex-Councilor;
Charles Allen, Junior Ex-Councilor;
Frank Pike, Recording Secretary;
Frank Langley, Financial Secretary;
Joseph W. Marden, Treasurer; Chester
E. Odiorne, Inductor; George Kim-
ball, Examiner; Arthur Jenness, In-
side Protector; George Kay, Outside
Protector; Trustees, Harry Hersum,
Edward Clapp, W. P. Gardner.

THE
REVERE
HOUSE



Bowdoin Square, Boston,
HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEAD-
ING HOTEL IN BOSTON. IT HAS
BEEN THOROUGHLY RENOVAT-
ED BY THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

C. L. Yorke & Co.

ALSO PROPRIETORS

BOSTON
TAVERN
FIREPROOF.

Rooms from \$1.00 Up

Old
India
Pale
Ale
Homestead Ale
AND
Nourishing Stout
Are specially brewed
and bottled by
THE
FRANK JONES
Brewing Co.
POSTSMOUTH, N. H.
Ask your Dealer or them.
BOTTLED IN PINTS AND QUARTS
The Best Spring Tonic
on the Market.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
NOVEMBER 29.

SUN RISES.....5:51 MOON SETS.....10:30 P. M.
SUN SETS.....4:34 FULL MOON.....11:35 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY.....10:39

New Moon, Nov. 29th, 9:50 a.m., evening, W.
First Quarter, Dec. 5th, 12:30 a.m., morning, W.
Full Moon, Dec. 14th, 10:40 a.m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, Dec. 21st, 11:30 a.m., evening, W.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Nov. 28.—Forecast for New England: Fair Saturday, slightly warmer, Sunday rain and warmer, diminishing northwest winds.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 8, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

SATURDAY, NOV. 29, 1902.



CITY BRIEFS.

Football dies hard.
Calendars are ripening.
Skates will soon be in use.
Congress meets next Monday.
Warm weather is next in order.
The cold took hold last evening.
The ground froze hard last night.
Tomorrow marks the end of November.
Oh 1902 is beginning to pack his trunk.
Friday gave us a real foretaste of winter.
The rabbits had better hunt their holes now.
The governor and council meet next Tuesday.
The furnace fire has been started for the winter.
Select your Christmas presents before the rush.
There has been a run on rubber goods this week.
Railroad men report that tramps are very numerous.
The school children are enjoying their bit of vacation.
The foreign Christmas money order business is beginning.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.
The early Christmas advertiser will get the cream of the trade.
The revisers of the constitution assembly in Concord Tuesday.
Two schooners are discharging soft coal at the navy yard.
Attorney-General Eastman was fifty-nine years old last week.
King Jollity was repeated by Lebanon amateurs Thursday night.
The Maplewoods would like to meet that Exeter football team again.
Portsmouth dealers have lately received consignments of Welsh coal.
An examination for three draughtsmen at the navy yard will be held Dec. 9.
F. W. deRochemont of Newington will not run his elder mill after Wednesday next.
The suburban trolley lines are not extensively patronized by pleasure seekers now.
The warm freight car service on the Exeter and Maine has gone into effect for the winter.
Portsmouth cranks pick the Army team to win the last important football game today.
Holiday trade begins for fair to say. There will be only three more Saturdays before Christmas.
The small boys are hunting up their sleds and pushing the runners preparatory for the coasting season.
A new counterfeited \$10 bill is in circulation. It is of the series of 1901, and is pronounced a very good imitation.
Many sportsmen who count on an annual hunt on Thanksgiving day were much disappointed by the inclement weather.
The board of fish and game commissioners will give a hearing in Concord tomorrow on petitions to open and close ponds for winter fishing.
Men wishing to join the gold hunting expedition, under the command of the veteran skipper, C. H. McLeod, drop card to the below address for particulars. Box 102, City.
Dudley Leavitt's Farmer's Almanac for 1903 has been issued by the publisher, Edson C. Eastman of Concord. It contains its usual wide variety of interesting information and accurate forecasts.
"A Little Cold, You Know" will become a great danger if it be allowed to reach down from the throat to the lungs. Nip the peril in the bud with Allen's Lung Balsam, a sure remedy containing no opium.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

Little Children Want Father And Mother Back.

Eldest Boy Bravely Tried To Comfort The Rest.

He Was Found Sobbing At The Depot By Policeman.

Thursday was a day of good cheer and happy reunions in most Portsmouth homes, but one family of six little ones, the eldest of whom is today celebrating his twelfth birthday by watching every incoming train, will have no pleasant recollections of the day.
It seems that on Wednesday the father and mother of this little brood of six, the oldest a boy of twelve and the youngest a girl of four, left to go to a town some twenty-five miles the other side of Boston, saying that they would return the next afternoon.
The boy who was left in charge of the little family also had to wait, a wife or more from his home three times a day and look after a couple of horses, which his father had left in his care.
Thursday night, the children thought of course their parents would be back, but they did not come. All day Friday they watched for the home coming in vain. Food was beginning to get scarce and the smaller children cried often for mama.
The young head of the family soothed the cries of the little ones as best he could and cooked for them, some pork and cabbage. There was coal in the cellar and he kept a warm fire going, so they did not suffer from the cold. He kept his courage until his morning, when the strain became too great and he was found sobbing at the depot by Officer Kelley and taken to police headquarters, where he told his story.
The trains from Boston will be watched today by the police and if the parents do not return, something will be done to provide for the little family.
The police do not think that the parents have deserted their little ones, but that they have been unavoidably detained and neglected to notify them.
UNGRATEFUL FOR HELP.
Crippled Man Abuses His Benefactors Shamefully.
A man came in on the train from Portsmouth last evening who had lost the use of his legs and was unable to get around without assistance. He said that he was en route to Laconia and when he reached here the train had gone and he had no money with which to pay for a night's lodging. The county commissioners took him in charge and they had him removed to the Franklin house, where he spent the night. The man was very abusive with his tongue and he made life a misery for those who tried to befriend him. This morning he was taken from the house and carried to the train and a ticket was purchased for him to take him to Laconia. While at the depot he made several who tried to assist him have a tired feeling from the abuse that he heaped upon them. After the train left here it was learned that the man was shipped here from Portsmouth. When he reaches Laconia he will probably get a return ticket on this city, for it is doubtful if the authorities of that place will have any use for him.—Dover Democrat.
Marshal Entwistle was shown the

above clipping this morning. "There is nothing in it," said he. "The man did not come from here."

SENSATION AT THE NAVY YARD.

A Big Seam Has Opened Up In Floor Of Dry Dock.

A big seam has opened up in the floor of the new dry dock at this navy yard and spread consternation among the yard officials and dock contractors.
The seam runs the entire length of the dock flooring and made its appearance all at once. A board of officers has been convened at the navy yard, by telegraphic orders from Washington, to make a thorough investigation into the unlooked for happening.
The dock contractors say they cannot account for the presence of the crack unless it has been caused by the heavy blasting being done in the vicinity.

HONOR THAT COMES TO A PORTSMOUTH BOY.

Charles W. Walker, formerly of Worcester, who has been in Port Townsend, Wash., a year, was elected surveyor last week on the republican ticket. He received 708 votes to 296 for his opponent.
Mr. Walker has been in business for himself as a surveyor since he left Worcester. He was employed at Green's drug store while in Worcester.—Worcester Telegram.
His many friends will be pleased to learn that the above refers to Charles W. Walker, a native of this city, and a Portsmouth High school boy. In his younger days he followed the sea and made voyages with the late Capt. Josiah Stover of Kittery and later, was, for several years chief officer of the American liner Indiana, between Philadelphia and Liverpool, with the late Capt. Redford B. Sargent of Kittery.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

At the Universalist church on Sunday the pastor, Rev. George E. Leighton, will preach on "What Lack I Yet?" Text, Matthew XIX, 20.
The Young People's Christian Union will at its meeting at 6:30 o'clock in the vestry have for its theme: "Japan Sunday. Our Japan Mission. What has been done? What are we doing? What can we do? Will we do it?" Miss Mabel L. Shedd will conduct. The public has cordial welcome to all the services.
The Y. P. C. U. will present "The Streets of Tokio," in Freeman's hall, on December 10 and 11. There will be an entertainment each evening, and tickets for the event go on sale the coming week.

AN IMPORTANT BUSINESS CHANGE.

An important business change took place in Portsmouth today. The firm of J. H. Hutchinson and company, jewelers, have disposed of their business and good will to Arthur B. Duncan of Bridgeport, Conn.
The new proprietor comes to Portsmouth with an experience and energy which makes certain for him a success commensurate with his ability and genial qualities.
The old firm gets into an honorably record and the heartiest esteem of the community.

PROPERTY SOLD.

Auctioneer Toby sold the Moulton property at the corner of Court and Chestnut streets, this noon, for \$1690.
The purchaser was Ernest Robinson.
The weather of last evening caused many a hobo to seek covering at the police station. Quite a number were accommodated.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Nearly everybody knows how it always restores color and checks falling.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PERSONALS.

Miss Eva B. Lewis of Beverly, Mass., is passing a few days in town.
Mrs. Margaret Conlon and son, Charles, are the guests of relatives in Boston.
Assistant Civil Engineer W. H. Lamson of the navy yard is visiting his brother in Boston.
Mrs. Willard Howe of Claremont, who has been visiting her parents on Summer street, returned home today.
Miss Mary Louise Bennett, who has been passing the Thanksgiving tide with her parents, returned to Boston today.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cheever passed Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. James H. Kingman, of Pawtucket, R. I.
Miss Maud Washburn of Portland, Me., will pass Sunday with Mrs. Arabella V. Washburn and family of Middle street.
Civil Engineer Gregory, United States navy, who has been at his parents' home in New Jersey for the last week, is expected home today.
Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bennett announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Louise, to Mr. Hazen Pierce Philbrick, Harvard, '98. Mr. Philbrick is the son of the late George Philbrick of this city.
Miss C. Etta Perry, of State street, has returned from Amesbury, where she went to attend the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Mary S. Aldrich. Miss Perry will leave about the middle of the coming week for Chicago, where she will make an extended visit with her brother, George W. Perry.

COURT WILL RECONVENE.

Comes On Dec. 8 at Exeter For One Week, Then Opens in Portsmouth.

The October term of the superior court will reconvene after recess at the probate court room, Exeter, Monday, Dec. 8 at 9:30 a. m., when the following cases are in order for trial: Equity docket—Rogers vs Rogers, Bartlett and Crawford of Derry counsel for plaintiff and defendant, respectively; Read vs Anderson, hearing on motion, Eastman & Hollis, French and Fuller, for plaintiff; Burnham, Jones & Warren for defendant.
On the civil docket—Hearings on motions in Greely vs Willey, Field (three cases) vs Mansfield, Robie vs Webster, Desmarais vs Shute, Morrill vs Kensington, Levy vs Fischer, Carter vs Jones, the counsel in the first, third and fourth cases named being Bartlett of Derry for the plaintiff and Crawford for the defense; in the second, Shute and Fuller for plaintiff, Eastman & Hollis for defendant; in the fifth, Fuller and Eastman & Hollis; in the sixth, Gupit and Scammon, and in Carter vs Jones, an Exeter breach of promise suit, Shute of Exeter for plaintiff and Bartlett of Derry for defendant.
Besides these are the following civil actions for trial: Morse vs Richardson, Hobart vs McCue, Childs vs McCue, Bartlett vs Gleichrest, Guzowski vs Adams, Paine's appeals. Uncontested divorce libels will be heard during the session at convenience of court and counsel.
On Monday, Dec. 15, at two a. m., the situation will be in this city where there are fifty cases on the equity and civil dockets in order for trial. It is anticipated that court will sit at Exeter one week and at Portsmouth two weeks to finish up the term.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION AND SALE.

Invitations have been issued by Miss G. L. Remick of 59 Union street for her annual exhibition and sale of decorated china, the same to take place at her home on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, at any time after 9 a. m.

POLICE COURT.

Marshal Entwistle presented but one case before Judge Emery in police court this morning. George Weeks, a one-legged man, was sent to Brentwood for five months on the charge of drunkenness.

WILL RAID ONE PLACE.

The persistency of President Robinson of the State Law and Order League will result in the raiding of at least one place in the city of Portsmouth.

NO TRACE OF HIM.

No trace has been discovered of deRochemont, the missing Newington apple buyer.

FULL DRESS PARTY.

Members Of Class Of 1902, Portsmouth High School Entertain.

The graduating class of '02 of the High school, greeted their friends last evening at a full dress party in Peirce hall. Dancing was enjoyed from eight to one o'clock. An orchestra of three pieces furnished music. The party was chaperoned by several of the teachers of the High school.
The hall was decorated with palms, and over the incandescent lights around the galleries were red fancy paper shades.
The following was the order of dances:
Two Step, Waltz, Schottische, Lancers, Two Step, Waltz, Caprice, Portland Fancy, Waltz, Two Step, Intermission.
Newport, Two Step, Portland Fancy, Waltz, Caprice, Two Step, Waltz, Lancers, Two Step, Schottische, Waltz, Two Step.
W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.
The quarterly convention of the Rockingham County Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the Methodist church, Newfields, on Thursday, Dec. 4. The program of exercises is as follows:
Morning.
10:15 Opening.
Devotional service, Mrs. J. H. Flitts
Greetings, Mrs. J. F. Fowler
Response, Mrs. A. H. Fuller
Secretary's report.
Business.
11:00 Report of State convention, Mrs. H. P. Neal
Singing, Miss Mabel Neal
Report of national, Miss A. M. Perkins
12:00 Noon tide devotional, Mrs. L. E. Fogg
Coffee furnished
Afternoon.
1:30 Prayer, County song.
Roll call, Business
2:00 Symposium, "What Can White Ribbon Influence Do in the Home?"
Led by Mrs. M. E. Locke
Singing, Miss Neal
2:45 "What Can We Do For the W. C. T. U. the Coming Year?" Mrs. Anna Hudson
3:15 Collection.
Singing, Miss Neal
Exercises by young people.
4:00 Remarks.
Singing, "Some Glad Day."
4:30 Adjournment.
NEW LAURELS.
Miss Katherine Willard is adding new laurels to her reputation by her rendition of "Aria" in the emotional drama, The Power Behind the Throne. Miss Willard has proved her ability and exceptional talents in the production, so much so that her tour is one continuous ovation. Nothing is lacking in scenic effect, stage mechanism or costuming to keep The Power Behind the Throne up to the topmost standard, while the star's support all have admirable skill.

GYPSY JACK.

Gypsy Jack, with all the romance and mystery which enwraps the Romany race, has Willis Granger as the bright particular star. The histrionic altitude reached by this young romantic actor is not one which has been reached over night. His excellence in the title role is such as could only be attained by years of patient endeavor, coupled, of course, with natural inherent talent, and it is therefore assured that a finished performance will be witnessed.

CONDITION IMPROVING.

Roginald Carpenter, who is ill at Annapolis with typhoid fever, is reported as being in a more comfortable condition, with good prospects of a speedy recovery.

NEW RULES.

The employees of the local electric road have been presented with copies of the new rules and regulations.

CITY LOTS SOLD.

Six Of Them Disposed Of On Friday By Auctioneer Hanscom.

At noon on Friday, C. Dwight Hanscom sold at public auction six lots of city land, situated in the "alma house field" on the northern side of Dennett street. The lots were sold from a numbered plan.
No. 79, the high lot on the hill opposite Bartlett street, was purchased by H. G. Whalley for \$325.00. Mr. Whalley also bought lots 93 and 99, paying for them \$207.50 and \$215.00 respectively. Lots 101 and 102 were secured by Augustus Hett for \$215.00 and \$205.00 and lot 87 was sold to Patrick Collins, the price paid being \$205.00.

ADVERTISING POINTERS.

There is nothing surer about a newspaper than that it will be read—every item and every advertisement that is worth reading.—Advertiser.
Never tamper with the advertising that is doing good work—until convinced by experience that the change will be beneficial.—The Advertiser.
The reason why many ads fail to draw is because they never arrive at any definite point—the rambling ad lacks the power to convince.—White's Sayings.
If half the display dressing done by some women were used instead by their husbands in display advertising, there would be fewer bankrupts.—White's Sayings.
There is a wide difference between advertising what the advertiser wishes people to buy and advertising what they need.—Printer's Ink.
Cheapness is one of the curses of advertising. Men wish much for their money and in their rapacity will substitute quantity for quality. The real essence of successful advertising is found in the latter.—Printer's Ink.
If one expects a word or a spear to do service, he sees to it that it has a point and the sharper the point the deeper will be the penetration. The same is true of an advertisement.—Printer's Ink.
Intuitiveness and stick-to-itiveness may not be found in the Standard Dictionary, but they have prominent places in the dictionaries of successful advertisers.—Fame.
DARTMOUTH'S PLACE.
There is no "big five" this season. Harvard, Yale and Princeton form a "big three," with Pennsylvania, Brown, Carlsle, Cornell and Columbia outside the breastworks.—Boston Post.
Don't you consider Dartmouth as having a right to be even mentioned in your outsiders? She nearly whipped Harvard, did whip Brown, and thus, by inference, Pennsylvania and Columbia. In fact, she comes pretty near to standing fifth in the general estimate of the year's elevens.—Boston Traveler.

SUNDAY EVENING MUSIC AT THE NORTH CHURCH.

At the North church on Sunday evening a full program of Advent music will be sung, the numbers being selected from music by Schaecker, Buck and Handel and including the soprano solo "Fear not ye, O Israel" and the alto solo "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd."

ADVENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Rev. James Scamans, a brother of the former pastor, will occupy the pulpit Sunday. Services at the usual hours. Seats free. All are invited.

"I am the tooth brush you hear so many speak about," said the PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH, with an air of conscious pride.
Everybody here is talking about it. Ask your druggist for it.
Ask your dentist why.

Always sold in a yellow box. At all dealers. Adult size, 35c. Children's (two sizes), 25c.

CLAIRVOYANT—Mrs. M. P. Willis, the celebrated spirit and test and on license med. um, is at No. 1 Webster Court.

GOOD reliable cooks, second girls and general household girls can be obtained at the Employment Office, 31-32 High street, nov25,hlw.

FOR SALE—Carriage, Jobbing and Horse Shoeing Business. A rare chance for a young man to continue. Established about 50 years. Terms liberal. I am not able to continue in it. Apply to J. J. Greenleaf, back of Post Office. jef7,cahtf

INSURANCE—Strong companies and low rates. When placing your insurance remember the old firm, Bailey & George. jef7,cahtf

GROCERIES—You can buy groceries, a kind of meats, preserves and vegetables at W. H. Smith's cheap meat and grocery store in the city. e17,cahtf

MEN Willing to Work positive make \$2.00 to \$3.00 per year selling our just patented machine. Eagle Tool Co., B. 165, Cincinnati, O.

Chrysanthemums

Cut Flowers

R. E. Hannaford's

FLORIST,
Newcastle Avenue,
TELEPHONE CON.

For Investment!

A DOUBLE HOUSE JUST OFF MILLER AVENUE.

All improvements, 7 rooms on a side, rents for \$18 a month.

FRANK D BUTLER,
Real Estate and Insurance,
3 Market Street.

Your Summer Suit

Should be WELL MADE.
It will be STYLISH
And PERFECT FIT.

The largest assortment of UP-TO-DATE SAMPLES to be shown in the city

Cleansing, Turning And Pressing a Specialty.

D. O'LEARY,
Bridge Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

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